

some measure of P.N.E.U. thought, is in our hands—we dare not be false to such a trust, and surely we shall distrust our own weakness and feel stronger when together. Let no student become a Worker saying “What can the Association do for me?” Rather should we ask, “What can I do for the Association?” Briefly and practically many things.

1. Remember that our Organ and Means of Communication is our Magazine, now issued quarterly. Send to it new ideas gained by experience, or your discoveries as to theories and facts.
2. Do no grudge the yearly subscription of 3s. 6d.; pay it regularly to the treasurer every new year.
3. Wear the badge and the colours, to which only members of the Association have any right. These will be a means of identification, like the Masonic signs, by which we may know each other. (The colours are certainly unbecoming, but then they are distinctive, which was an absolute necessity.)
4. Attend any meetings or gatherings of students possible, whether you can hope to meet personal friends there or not.
5. When in a district where there are many students organize such meetings.

Above all remember that if our Magazine or our meetings seem dull and lifeless it is for you, the students, to put life into them. We are trained to give to the coming generations, and through them to the world—and shall we refuse to give of our best to our fellow-workers, or deny that our affairs are also of interest to each and all, for we are all about the same business?

Hoping therefore that you may all unhesitatingly enrol yourselves as loyal members of the Students' Association.

Yours very truly,

THE PRESENT MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

TRAVELLERS' LETTERS.

C.M.S. ZANANA HOUSE, MEERUT,
U.P., INDIA,
MARCH 19TH, 1903.

DEAREST ———

Have you got any more “drawn-thread” books you don't want? Because out here teachers are learning it, and they would be most acceptable. I could tell you lots more things I could make use of. Is “Mary's Grammar” still to be had? I have to teach these girls English twice a week, “building upon another man's foundations” it is with a vengeance, for they have tumbled somehow into a reading-book of extracts from classical authors, in which they understand half the sense, one-eighth of the words, and one-twentieth of the construction and idiom. I have to do the best I can, unscientifically. That is a fair sample of one's life in this vale of tears, isn't it? If I only had so-and-so, and could do so-and-so, how finely I could do; but as it is——! I have a Geographical Object Lesson Class. Last time I peeled citrons in the shapes of the continents, and made the world go round the sun. Next time we are going to learn how maps came to be; and one day have sand and water and make mountains and rivers. Of course the girls think it great fun, and incidentally pick up a good deal of odd knowledge, but I don't suppose any of them have the pluck to give the lessons again in their schools. I've just been interrupted to go and see a snake the ayah has just found outside Miss ——— bathroom. It is as tiny as an earthworm, but may be deadly poison. Miss ——— collects the creatures! no, not alive, in spirits of wine.

It's warming up; my room is 72° shut up. We shall begin our summer hours next week, I expect. Next month I am to have charge of one of the schools—taking it altogether off Miss ——— hands. As I haven't even been to one of them yet, I feel qualmish! I am going with her to-morrow and to some Zananas which will belong to me afterwards. In many Zananas, to which she is just beginning to go again, she finds ready listeners—not all, however. One

old woman whose daughter has died, responded to everything with "Then why did He take away my daughter; I don't care now I've lost my daughter;" she seemed to feel nothing else.

I have learned to make chapâtis. On Saturday we were out at Hapur, seeing our girls, and B—— and I spent over an hour being instructed in the mysteries of the art: we made nearly the whole supply for their evening meal. On the strength of it, I've been writing a chapâti-making action song, to the tune of "There's nae luck;" but we haven't tried it yet. Action songs and drills are another need. If you come across a really good book of either, new, you might order me one. One can mostly translate the songs. In drill, one must remember, Indian girls' feet are not allowed to be so much to the fore as English. They can march, and form figures and mark time, but not much more.

Your affectionate sister,

M. H. L.

GRAND NEW HOTEL,

JERUSALEM,

APRIL 11TH, 1903.

MY DEAR ———

Your letter, just arrived, was very welcome; the ways of the Turk are fearful and wonderful. Letters posted some days after yours arrived last night; I suppose they came direct, and yours possibly underwent quarantine. Quarantine is now off altogether! so possibly there is something in the *on dit* that it was put on to keep out the Queen of Portugal! So much the worse for us! The quarantine people rooked us, and the Austrian-Lloyd robbed us most shamefully!—exacted the fare from Port Said to Beyroot and back to Jaffa, when everyone else on the boat only paid their passage to Jaffa from Port Said, and had the rest thrown in. We were helpless, for their Beyroot agent was a beast of a Turk, who was most insolent, and threatened to put us ashore if we didn't pay! But we are here at last, and it is all well worth it! We had an interesting day in Jaffa—orange groves and Simon the Tanner's House. The site of the said house seems genuine.

Then up, up, up in the train, through Samson's country. It takes three hours and a half to do fifty-three miles, and I wonder how they do it at all. Very bare stretches, but quantities of wild flowers. The country is nearly entirely uninhabited, though there are frequent remains of old terrace cultivation, and doubtless Dutch or Swiss would make it flow with milk and honey. Jerusalem is in many ways different from one's expectations. It is *very* small; one could easily walk round it in an hour. Where its 80,000 inhabitants live one can't tell! Then I thought it would be disillusioning, but it isn't—one lives in the pages of the Bible. I don't suppose they have altered since Abraham's days—in dress or customs. Yesterday was a great gathering of Mohammedans from outside districts for a pilgrimage to Leby Musa—the Tomb of Moses—and large parties of them passed our windows: we saw men dancing as David did, and we quite sympathized with Michal! We look out on to David's Tower—modern (*i.e.*, Crusaders) but on old foundations; the lower stones were probably there in our Lord's time, and possibly were part of the building from which David saw Bathsheba. Then, too, we could quite imagine how readily such a crowd as we saw yesterday would shout "Crucify Him." Everywhere one meets with some Bible story exemplified in real life. The Court outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is filled with money-changers, and sellers of tapers, rosaries, &c. Blind beggars are so numerous that one does not wonder at the Evangelists forgetting if there were one or two! Truly it is not only the *unchanging* but the *unchangeable* East!

Even our dragoman, Joseph Abbood Marco, who is a well-educated, intelligent man, says, "Oh, the day will come, when it will be done; some day it will happen"—but not an idea of helping the day to come!

This afternoon the British Consul and his wife and daughter called on us (we called on them on arrival, as the correct thing to do, and they were very nice). Mrs. Consul then took us with her and her daughter to a service in the Russian Church—a new building, large and beautifully decorated. It was packed to suffocation with pilgrims—poor moujiks and moujikesses, each carrying a palm-branch and lighted candle,—you may imagine the heat! But the Kawass of the Consulate, a gorgeous creature in blue and

gold, with a sabre, made a lane for us, and took us right up to the top of the Church, where the Patriarch was blessing the bread—much censing and bowing, after which he and his retinue passed within the golden gates of the sanctuary, which were shut, then a deacon stood in front of them and there was much singing, he leading the responses. The music was the most most extraordinary I have ever heard—no instruments, and only about a dozen men behind a screen—no boys; but the harmony was perfect and the voices beautiful beyond expression—the deep bass sounding like the roll of an organ. Then the reverence of the miserably poor-looking peasants was a thing never to be forgotten: typical moujiks looking half savage, dirty, and ragged, but joining in the worship with all their hearts—it was real living faith, I am sure! Being here at this season has this advantage, that, as you say, we have the world to play with, for this afternoon we were truly in Russia! Of course it was the eve of their Palm Sunday.

There has always been a function of some sort at the Holy Sepulchre when we have been there. Once it was a most impressive procession round the Shrine. It was most interesting to us, because the Bishop who carried the Host was the Brazilian one who was on board the boat with us. He used to eat with his knife, but he is a charming old man all the same, and gives us a most courteous bow and “bon-jour” if we meet him in the streets. Also he was very nice last Sunday in giving up his last Mass for us to have a service in their temporary Chapel on board. Father took our service, and there were about seventeen of us—English and American,—not all Church people, but they seemed pleased to come. Three American Methodist ministers came, and were quite friendly afterwards—they had never spoken to us before. We were well provided for in the way of ecclesiastics on board: there were a lot of Spanish monks, and some Franciscan friars in brown robes with sandalled feet; one was a charming Englishman, a very interesting man, full of fun and very human—not at all one's idea of a modern monk. We have seen him several times in processions since. We also had an Irish American Roman priest in disguise on board; he seemed to find great amusement in making a fool of himself and America. We certainly got much amusement from him—he was very good fun; but the

other Americans thought him a disgrace to their country! The fact that he was a priest leaked out gradually. He is travelling to study Mohammedanism, and thinks a layman will have a better chance; but I don't think anyone in European garb will get at much.

The Mosque of Omar is a wonderful place. There are various buildings; one, the chief Mosque (El Aksa) is the remains of a Crusader's Basilica. Then the stables of Solomon are vast and wonderful, if only they would dig down beneath the rubbish which covers the floor for several feet, but “one day it will be done,” as Joseph says. Then the large white-flagged open spaces are impressive, and in the centre the Shrine, the Dome of the Rock, with its marvellous colouring, mosaics, and stained glass, surrounding the great bare slab of naked rock which, “as dey say” (another of Joseph's pharases), is suspended in the air, the walls beneath were only built to give confidence to pilgrims.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a cluster of small chapels—each incident in the Passion has had a site and a chapel given to it there. In the middle of it all is the Shrine with the Holy Sepulchre itself, cased in marble, so that one does not see the actual rock. The site seems to be really as authentic as it could be, especially since recent discoveries have found parts of the old city wall, and the Church is just outside it. The older parts of the Church—the Crypt and Chapel of S. Helena—are most interesting, dating from her time.

The Crusaders have left their mark here. One walks down narrow evil-smelling bazaars, and every now and then, over a little drinking fountain or a doorway, one sees a lovely old Norman arch, with very rich moulding, such as any Church in England would be proud to possess. Godfrey de Bouillon's sword and spurs are still shown. The bazaars are not good compared with other places, I believe, but they are fascinating to us new-comers to the East. The majority of them sell weird-looking food stuffs, but some dirty, poky little shops sell lovely amber necklaces, silver hanging lamps, and other valuable things. Mother-of-pearl work is constantly met with, too, but I shall not get any till I have been to Bethlehem, which is the home of the industry; the shells come from the Red Sea. We go to Hebron and Bethlehem on Wednesday; to-morrow and Tuesday, Jericho, the Dead Sea, and Jordan.

The Armenian Churches are very gorgeous; their Cathedral had a very bare, whitewashed ceiling, but the walls were covered with blue and white tiles, and the doors were of inlaid mother of pearl and tortise shell—quite lovely. There was a good deal of tapestry, and countless lamps suspended from ostrich eggs—which are symbolical of concentrated thought in prayer. On leaving their churches the guardian at the door anoints one's hands with delicious rose-water. The city is simply swarming with pilgrims of every kind. A whole crowd of Coptic Christians were deck passengers on board the much-to-be-abused ——. I think Cook's men here have got sick of the name of that dreadful ship! Luckily we insured our luggage, and we hope to get back our premium on my box, which was gnawed by a rat on the ——. They fumigated the hold, which nearly killed us, and, I suppose, drove the rats to pastures new!

From yours, —

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR EDITOR,

May I draw the attention of your readers to the approaching *Conversazione*, which will be held on June 8th. Every ex-student as a life member of the Union has already been sent an invitation, and will, I hope, have noticed the extremely interesting syllabus of Miss Mason's paper. Any student who is able to come up and would like to be offered hospitality should write to me as soon as possible.

Our annual Conference will take place this year at the end of October. We hope that the mid-term holiday may be utilized for attending it wherever the distance will allow. All information concerning the Conference will be published in the "*Parents' Review*," or can be had on application to Miss Armfield or to myself.

Yours faithfully,

H. FRANKLIN,
Hon. Organising Sec., P.N.E.U.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

I should like to add one more to the various side-lights which have been thrown upon the students—one from the point of view of the ex-student parent. It is many years since I went full of hope and eagerness as a junior to the House of Education, and now as a superannuated senior, looking back from some distance upon several years of teaching, may I be allowed my say?

After having been a student one knows, only too well, how many human weaknesses can lurk beneath the title; but, justly, perhaps, as Ambleside girls may sometimes be found fault with, one cannot help wishing that their critics could, for even a few days, step into their shoes. Not a few, mothers among them, would find it an exhausting experiment, even where their own children are concerned.

We have been reminded lately that, among other things, students sometimes lose their enthusiasm when they enter upon their lives as governesses—that they no longer read for self-improvement and so on. Enthusiasm is easy and natural when you are one of some thirty girls all interested in the same hobbies and working for the same end; but let us consider what are some of the chief features of the great change that occurs when a student becomes a governess in a family. In the first place there is the altogether new atmosphere, with responsibilities of teaching and management which she so far knows only from having shared them with other students,—she is surrounded by people who know nothing of her strongest ties and old friends,—and is bound, very possibly for the first time in her life, to spend the day almost wholly in the society of children, which is itself a most searching, and sometimes irksome occupation, whether we think well to admit it or not.

In reply we shall be told quite fairly that all this is what the life of a governess implies, and is that for which her salary is received. It is so; but it makes the trial no less a severe one, especially when it comes as a comparatively new experience.

Then again, students, during their two years' training are being saturated with theories of education, with philosophy